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The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1883 -- Volume 05, No. 04

Phi Sigma

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... OF THE ...

PHI SIGMA

VOL. 5.

18 Sept 1883

NO. 4.

EDITORS.

W. H. Beard.

C. W. Hall.

A. S. Kimball.

Sapientiam Diligentes.

The Voice

of the

Phi' Sigma.

Vol 5.

No. 4

Editors

W. H. Beard

Grace W. Hall.

A. S. Kimball.

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Grace W. Hall.

Since the last issue of this paper, the summer has come and gone, and again we are all settling down to our winter's work. So far as we know the summer time has passed very pleasantly to the members of the Phi Sigma, and we hope that most of us can say that we are better for this ^{time} of change - this time of green grass, of flowers and trees of singing birds and running water and of everything which makes the heart glad in its thankful appreciation of beautiful nature.

There are many ways in which we may improve ourselves, and these vacations are by no means ^{inevitably} lazy hours necessarily. To some of us these days of object lessons are the most profitable of all!

• We find out ^{how} little we know, and what an endless and wonderful variety there is in life for us to learn.

How that our little spot on the universe is not necessarily the most luminous point, where all that is good is concentrated
By getting away from the

narrow ends of our every-day life, we can better respect the positions and opinions of others, and are helped to be less selfish in our aims and more charitable in our judgements.

— . —

Our minter's work - That is an interesting topic for us now. This Society must be what its members make it. Its degree of usefulness to each, will depend on how well each one of us prepare ^{do our proportion of work} the exercises assigned to them. What is our Class for? It is for self improvement - who of you do not want to know more, and be better able to enjoy the days and months and years before you. If you do not think this Class will help you in the best possible way, you had better resign and use the time in the way that will help you most. These are the days when as Ruskin says "every crisis

of future fortune hangs on your
decisions..... When all the happi-
ness of your home forever
depends on the chances, on
the passions of an hour, when
the career of all your days
depends⁺ on the opportunities
of a moment, when your
every act is a foundation^{stone}
of future conduct, and even
+ imagination a fountain of life
or death" It indeed behooves
you to think carefully how
best you can use the time that
is given you, and having made
up your mind, put your whole
energy into whatever you may
be doing, that it may be done
in the best way, and therefore
be of the most help to you.

For the time spent - we believe
there is no way in which we
can gain so much real good
and therefore real pleasure, as in
the work^{and exertion} of the Phi Sigma.
If you too, think so, lend a hand
to make this winter session
enjoyable, helpful, and the best the class has known.

In a recent Tribune there was an article telling of the immense outlay of both money and labor to be soon made in stocking Lake Michigan with fish. Cars are being constructed at Pullman to carry these young white fish in enormous quantities to selected parts of the Lake. Would it not be much better to enact some law protecting the young fish already in the Lake; - allowing only the large fish to be caught; - say those weighing three pounds and upwards? Of course the fishing by hook could not be thus controlled, but the fish caught in this way are as but a drop in the bucket compared to the immense number taken in nets. It would be very easy to regulate the size of the mesh so that only large fish could be caught. This would necessarily limit the supply for a year or two, as at present there are so few large fish in the Lake; but white fish, the variety eaten at all Chicago tables - grows rapidly, and the small fish now in the Lake would soon more than meet all demands. It is a self-evident that more small fish are required to meet the demand than large fish, and it will easily be seen that if the fish now to be put in the Lake are caught while young and

in the quantities necessary if only small fish are brought to the market, the supply will soon run out, and this same outlay again be needed. They tell us at the markets that comparatively few families want a three or four pound fish; one or two pounds being all that is required for their meal. We admit this, but what does it signify? Could not fish be cut and sold by the pound the same as meat? The meat of a large white fish is much more satisfactory eating than that of a small one, for the bones, few in proportion to the meat, are easily seen and removed. The housekeeper could obtain more fish for her money, and the supply so well meeting the demand would considerably lower the price, making attainable to all that which is now, to many, a luxury.

G. H. H.

We would suggest to the Officers of the Society that, in our opinion, the way for us to get the most profit from the meetings of the Class ^{this winter} will be to take up specific subjects that can be studied completely in one evening. Of what character, we can safely leave to them, but it ought to be in the line of History, Geography, literature or any special science.

Then with our meetings occurring a little oftener, we think the Class has a most enviable prospect for this winter before it.

The usual page of "personals" will be found absent in this number of "The Voice". Our excuse if any is needed, is that we do not want to be "indebted to our imagination for our facts, or to our memory for our jokes."

Monopolies.

Each age, or century, or decade, is marked by some particular characteristic or condition. This time in which we are living, might well be called the era of monopolies. We suppose it is an unquestioned fact that this country is at this time more heavily oppressed by the power of concentrated capital than in any other way. Daily the papers bring to light some gigantic fraud to rob the people, or some new scheme of "cornering the market," or in plainer words, of making all consumers pay a heavy tax to the few owners, or controllers of large amounts of money. ^{we will mention a few of the most prominent} The Western Union Telegraph Co., with its \$100,000,000. of watered stock, worth in actual cost not over \$20,000,000. paying really 50% profit on the capital invested.

The Southern Pacific R.R. trying by fraudulent representations to obtain 15,000,000 acres of government land, worth \$20,000,000, ^{thus} only putting a wealthy corporation

in a better position to oppress the people of the Country through which the railroad passes.

For as one has said "As they gain in financial strength, so they develop in greed, and in their strength and wealth practically did defiance to government and legislation" Another instance of "watered stock" is the "New York Central". It pays 8% dividends on its capital stock and interest on its bonds, but instead of this interest being on the ~~real~~ \$8,000,000 which has been actually spent in building and equipping the road, it is on \$95,000,000. More than this amount, making the total on which interest is paid nearly two and a half times as much as the real capital. To sum it up in plain words the people of the U.S. are paying about \$7,000,000 per year on the water stock of this one railroad alone. The R.R. Co. of Central California is fairly making the farmers groan, by its extortionate freight rates, taking

almost the whole worth of the produce, before the goods reach a market. We noticed a short time since a carload of California fruit arriving in this city, on which the freight charges, were between \$6.00. and \$7.00, and again and again do we hear of produce "only bringing enough to pay freight".

It makes our blood boil to think of a farmer working over a crop for several weeks, watching with anxiety the development of the fruit, only to find on sending it to market, that the result of all his care and toil has gone to fill the coffers of the R.R. Co.

Nor is this all; "Corporations have no soul" and bitterly true has this saying proved to many; - but when almost a single man, having the money power to control a market engages to buy all the surplus stock ^{and much more} of any staple commodity, thereby making it impossible to sellers to deliver, and forcing the price up, until having ^{himself thus} made

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the contract a mere trick of Ruavery
he demands the "ruinous penalty"
to the extent in some cases
of million of dollars, then
indeed ^{well} may we ~~well~~ speak of
the "Healthy Criminal Classes"
and curse the tyrants who hold
in their merciless grasp the
bread of the nation.

And this spirit, seems to be rapidly
growing, of becoming - as an
english writer puts it - "the basest
sort of tradesmen, those who
live by speculation" Not long
since some capitalists, bought
up all the surplus rubber in
the market, making a marked
advance in the price of manu-
factured goods of that material.

In New York a "Coffee exchange"
has lately been started, and as
Henry Lloyd in his excellent
Article in North American ^{Review} says
"daily these price factories are
becoming more numerous."

But we must not linger in
stating further instances, nor
can we speak here of the many

good and small.

other phases of this question, of the serious result on the character of the nation, of the consequences in labor troubles, and of the many other curses which are directly chargeable to these heartless extortionists.

One has said that "only in as free a country as the United States would the people tolerate this condition of affairs," but one point is certain that these things will not be materially changed until the people demand it. The government is "of the people" and it, only, ~~can~~ has the power to stay the hand of the oppressor. Individually, business men can be examples, but if any man would be such, he must be such a man as of whom the Prophet Isaiah spoke. "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; He that despiseth the gain of oppression, that shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from the hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil.

Mamma. "And now Percy, you
have chatted enough. Shut your
eyes, hold your tongue, and go
to sleep. Percy. "How can I
do three things at once Mamma.

As an English Volunteer, was passing
along, rifle in hand, he was
accosted, by a precocious urchin
who called out "Who shot the dog"
which saying the man appeared
by no means to relish, so,
turning sharply round, he said
"If you're not off, I'll shoot
a donkey. When the boy calling
out to ~~one~~ of his companion
rejoined, "I say Bill, look here;
this 'ere fellow is going
to commit suicide."

For his own glory & the boys
glad, and great them glory.

The latest pious smile — A small boy
belonging to a good presbyterian family
had been receiving his first religious
training in lessons from the
Catechism, on one occasion, for
some refractory behavior, the mother
gave the small youth a gentle
application of the rod. On the
father's return, the he asked, "What
is the matter my son." ^{Son} "Ans. Mother
been whipping me". Father. "And
what for." ^{Son} "Ans. For her own glory"
— . —

A lady friend of ours, was at Fort-
Snelling Minn. a few days since.
She with the rest of the party
had been anxiously watching for
the troops to parade. Suddenly
she excitedly called out "There they
are," "There they come". "Where are
they" "Why don't you see, they there
are" she reiterated "right over there"
The rest of the party could only
see, some red shirts and a
number of pairs of rummicationables
gently swinging in the breeze
on the clothes line.

The Return of the Prodigal In Four Chapters

Chapter I

It was a still night. Still as the
cities of the dead. So still was it
indeed, that the falling dew dropped
to the ground with a dull thud
which aroused the echoes of
the distant hills. It was also
a dark night. So dark that
the belated traveler in the Elmore
woods could only tell his way
by feeling the beads of his watch.
The residents of the small
village of Ginsley - men were
wrapped in slumber - the lights
in the mansion houses on the
boulevard were dimmed - In
other words - they had "lit out"
Far up at the end of the
hour - glimmered a solitary
candle - beam. It was in the
room of the village - preacher
who was struggling with a
sermon to be preached on
the morrow - To morrow the
long-suffering flock would
be doing the struggling to

So metaphorical to be superficial to a common mind.

Keep awake - The storm kept getting more dense and the darkness more thick - The one solitary candle continued to flicker until at last the tallow was all consumed and its light spattered for an instant as if to die and then went out - Speculation is rife as to how it got out but the escape was probably made by way of the lightning-rod - Everything was now wrapped in darkness - no - not everything - the minister's sermon was wrapped only in a piece of brown paper tied with a paper string, and the night wore on -

But even in the dim distance the dimmest kind of distance a glimmering spark of light appears - What can it be? A lighthouse - No - For the nearest thing of the kind is three hundred miles away on Dead Man's Reef - A fairly impossible - for there are holdings

3

a mass meeting in a distant
village - The mystery deepens
It would not be a full-blooded
mystery if it did not deepen
The distant light approaches
What can it be? - the very air
seems to tremble with sus-
pense - nearer and nearer
it approaches - and Lunder
and Lunder throbs the pulses
of the watchers - The object
is now less than forty miles
away - The village is now
thoroughly aroused - lights are
curried too and for in the
costly mansions - Voices
echo from house to house
and the telephone girls are
kept busy - Messenger boys
rush frantically from office
to office - The police patrol goes
clanging down the street
The fire-bells awake the echoes
The echoes get up and rub
their eyes and go back to
bed again - The cowbells in
a rattling position catch
the strains and cut great gashes
in the stillness - The fog-horn

on Dead Mans Reef sounds
thru the distance - This
was how even a fog-horn con-
clusion and not to be
wondered at - The only bells
that are not aroused are the
village bells - There are three
of them - They have all been
out the previous evening to a
latter-day ride without refresh-
ments - and they are indisposed
And still the distant illumina-
tion approaches -

Chapter II

Anelia Wheatlook was one of the
bells of the town - As we have
previously remarked - there were
three of them altogether - but
as the prevailing style of
beauty that winter was the
blonde style & as Anelia was
the only blonde beauty in
the town - naturally the ad-
mirative blonde more especially
to her - She was a sylph-like
creation with large lustrous
gray eyes - a challenge cast
of form and a Lake Superior

5-

complains - She had admirers
by the score - The very pebbles
on the front walk had been
worn smooth by her suitors feet
But not one of them would
suit her. Do you ask why
Her heart was not her own
It had been given in trust
to a much squalid youth who
had left shortly afterwards
and gone to the unknown was -
been wilds to build a nest
for his bird - That's what he
called it - a nest - but out
where he went they call them
dugouts. She had never heard
from him since his depart-
ure. She was landlorn
than ever although the
frosts of fifteen winters had
passed ^{over} her life - She was
however unhappy, extremely
excruciatingly so - And why?
Because ^{he} ~~he~~ came not
before she left was the
young man for excellence
of the house - the one upon
whom fond mothers doted and
anxious fathers smiled - The girls

always called him by his first
name and often told him that
he was too sweet to live -
But for him the little town
of Amstey-mere held but one
attraction - Amelia Meat Hook
and so in due course of
time - just as the Meat Hook
began to get outworn and
the gas-bills began to grow
larger and ^{the infantile portion of the family} began to get in
their childish fancies and
their embarrassing questions
they plighted their troth and
the next day - amid the tears
of all interested but he should
come back he started for
the setting-sun - Many weary
years had passed - You will
please notice that the weary
years always pass - They never
attempt to order it up or play
it alone - But we digress
As we were remarking the
weary years passed - But
they came not -

Amelia grew handsomer every
year - Had indeed taken the
first prize in seven different

countries and had entered no
 less than four suits against
 corner grocery-men who had
 exhibited her photograph in
 their fly-specked windows
 Amid all her numerous
 admirers, ^{Amelia} still remained true
 to her first love - True she
 had never heard from him
 since his departure - but this
 was easily explained as
 he was building a nest
 and young men who spend
 their time doing such things
 have no time to waste in
 writing - And so she sat
 in her one-clad boudoir
 and waited - She had to
 have a boudoir just like
 the other girls - and so her
 father ordered one from
 Paris for her - And as she
 sat - she imagined her Hugo
 returning with a heart full
 of love and a pocket full
 of something more substan-
 tial and she wept many a
 silent weep to think of the happiness
 in store for her -

Chapter III

Excitement had now reached fever-heat - Squads of men stood loitering upon the corners and discussing the phenomenon.

The mayor hastily convened the town Council and the police force stood in battle array on the village green.

All was now as light as day - The town looked like the town of July - Even the village belles had forgotten the languor occasioned by the coach-ride and were assembled on the common, dazzled by the male beauty and chivalry of the place.

Excitement was now urged to a fever-heat by a man who drove in on a charger dripping with foam - All hesitated to hear what he had to say - But he was breathless and speechless and while being lifted from his horse fell into a swoon. He came very near falling into a tub of water also - which

the Oriental Laundry had
carelessly left standing by
the roadside - He got up
out of the swoon shortly
but could tell nothing of the
distant object as he said he
was only a mail-carrier
in charge of one of the star
routes and his early edu-
cation had been neglected
~~for~~ the distant light was
accompanied by a loud
noise which increased
in momentum - momentarily
The fog which had hung over
the Eagle's Bay now lifted
and the elusive object came
around Canal Street

He was a man - tall and
dark with long shaggy locks
of hair each tied at the
end with a brown paper knot
His band fell to his feet
and was tied with a
green paper knot - Knot with
standing - He did not look
old - In fact his face
seemed familiar to some
of the onlookers - His hand

carried an electric lamp the other end of which was attached to a light rubber-tired hand-wagon which stood near. This then was what caused the heavy jumbling and shaking which had been heard -

Weakly, the stranger enquired the nearest way to the Grand Pacific - He was quickly informed that he would neither in Chicago or Ashkosh but in the little village of Amiskew-mee and that he must wait until the train passed - "Oh yes" he said "I must wait" Wait as only I know how to wait - Long as I have lived these many years But thank fortune I am once more on my native heath - "But tell me" he cried "does she live" "Is she still true" "Nothing but Amiskew can alleviate my sadness" - But Amiskew still sat in her bonheur

Chapter IV

It was true - Hugo Van Brunt had come back - the prodigal had returned - One by one his old friends recognized him and welcomed him back - but his bright partner when it came Amelia - I can not "No" she cried to the importunities of her friends who bade her hasten to her own love "He is not my love - my love will return and a white charge his raven locks melting in the winds, and wearing a velvet doublet and a silver sword - I can take no cognizance of a dust covered tramp" Been him my word that I know nothing of him and care less - - And she assumed a care-less attitude as she settled back on her purple escutcheon she was left to herself how long for but a moment as the door opened and Hugo stood before her - "Amelia" he cried - "Welcome me back"

"Bid me again taste the
 sweetness of your smile
 Give me once more the
 happiness of your fondest
 affection - I know I am un-
 worthy but I have been building
 a nest - it is out here in
 my wagon - I recognize the
 fact that I am coarse &
 vulgar but I have wealth by
 the thousands - So saying he
 pulled the brown paper from
 one of his tangled locks
 and drew forth a post office
 order for One Thousand dollars
 "This dear" he cried - is one of
 a hundred exactly similar
 concealed in various places
 about my person - I know
 I am hateful but you are
 handsome enough for both of
 us I know I am dark &
 forbidding - but I am the
 inventor of a machine which
 will throw an electric light
 over our futures for ever
 The Crisis had come -
 With one wild convulsive
 rapturous effort - Amelia

threw herself into his arms
 with one of the old-time hugs
 which he remembered so
 well - and pearly tears suf-
 fused her eyes as she said
 "Hugs, I was only trying
 you to see if your af-
 fection still remained
 I have loved you though
 thick & thin and hence-
 forth our existence shall
 be a unit -"

Outside - the storm continued
 to gather - the wind howled
 across the sea - the snow
 piled up in front of the
 doors and navigation was
 suspended - but in one
 stately mansion off the Anshy
~~Mansion~~ - more that night
 there was naught but laughter
 and merriment and joy
 and a fatted calf for the
 prodigal had returned,

A. S. Kimball

The Present

Let us gather with haste the sweet blossoms
That fall from youth's spreading tree
For their verdure will diminish,
And their sweetness will fade,
And their branches will flee

Let us plunge in the mad stream
Of joy as it rolls,
Swiftly on with its roar,
While its banks are so green
And its waters so clear,
As a crystalline floor.

Let us bathe our hot brows
In the crests of its waves
While we cast away fear
For sorrows grim face and
The dark shapes of dread
Will soon gather near

Let us follow the phantom that
beckons us on.

Through the whirl of life's glee.
For we know not how soon
The dark shadows may fall
On you or on me.

good & original

In when Friendships shall fade
And hopes fall to earth
And dreams prove untrue
With a glance at past years
When we laughed at our fears
Our trust will renew -

A. S. Kimball

Something about Mackinac

I am aware that articles on travel among summer resorts are, to put it mildly, a trifle blasé to the intelligent and omnivorous reader of the present day - that descriptions of one's adventures and experiences when away from home are almost universally voted uninteresting and a bore. And therefore I appreciate the fact that I run a great risk in attempting to consume the time or weary the patience of the readers of this sheet in making observations on what is to many - a worn-out subject. But my readers need not be unnecessarily alarmed - I am not composing a guide book and shall neither attempt any voluminous descriptions nor stray ere long through well-beaten paths.

Mackinac is preeminently a
 Michigan resort - It is to
 Detroit, Grand Rapids and the
 surrounding cities - what Lake
 Geneva is to Chicago or
 Coney Island to New York
 City - The people of Michigan love
 further to go to reach this
 resort - but the facilities of
 transportation are so commo-
 dious and expedition that
 the water travel to and from
 the Island become immeasurably
 enjoyable - In fact some of
 the boats would vie with
 any on the Atlantic Coast
 * Two of these boats cost a
 quarter of a million each -
 The Island is also easily
 reached by rail to Old
 Mackinac. This is in turn
 connected by a steam boat
 with the Island and Point
 St Ignace which is ^{an} almost
 wonderful town both in its
 appearance and its growth -
 The writer remembers that
 four years ago there were
 nothing but shacks and shanties

in the floor - It now contains
 planing-mills, lumber yards
 numerous blast furnaces and
 over docks hundreds of stores
 many private residences
 churches - school-houses and
 a fine court-house
 The town is described in
 the guide-book as almost
 all long and no-wide -
 The principal street is
 over three miles long and
 faces the lake while the
 greatest depth of the place
 is less than half a mile
 in the town from this place -
 a beautiful view can
 be obtained of Mackinac
 Island - lying about six
 miles away - Communication
 between the point and the
 island is carried on by
 two lines of boats and a
 great many people are car-
 ried over to visit this much-
 renowned town and the special
 point of attraction - Mar-
 quette's grave - This is situ-
 ated in a unpretentious

4
spot just off from the prin-
cipal street and behind an
ironing store. It was dis-
covered about 7 years ago
while the foundations were
being laid dry for a house.
The people of the town
have erected a small
marble monument and
have covered it with a
Latin inscription and
epitaph. It is the intention
at some future date to
erect a more substantial
monument upon some prom-
inent portion of the Island.
There are portions of most
every winter when the people
of the Island are almost
entirely shut off from
communicating with the main-
land by the masses of ice
which come piling up upon one
another from the north and
fill the straits with a heavy
spinning mixture of ice
called ~~which~~ it is impossible
to pass or to remove until
some opposite wind scatters

the barrier and leaves the way
clear. The various curiosities
of the Island are doubtless
familiar to all - either by sight
or hear say - and as I
remarked in the outset that
I was not composing a
guide book I will not
attempt to enumerate them.
Altho I remarked in the
beginning of my paper that
Blackwre was at Michigan
resort more especially - it
might be mentioned however
that it is a Chicago man
Mr Gordon S. Hubbard an
old settler of Chicago and
also a member of the
Old John Jacob Astor Fur
Company who is the owner
of the Hubbard Annex -
a tract of land which
he has held for fifty
years and which he is
now selling for house lots.
Doubtless ere long the Annex
will be one of the pleasant
est features of the place.
Among the cottages already

built there is one by Wm. H. White the evangelist. The greater part of the Island as is well known belongs to the Government of the United States and has been set apart as a National Park through the efforts principally of Ex Governor Ferry who by the way was born on that Island at the Mission House -

The celebrated novel - "Anne" was written by a lady who has a former residence of the Island and the characters are most of them taken from life - A lady informed me that she knew well the Miss Hurlburt who was the heroine of the story -

This book has had a wonderful sale ~~at the island~~ ^{there} last but not least by any means must be mentioned the Fort - There is no prettier sight that I can remember to have ever witnessed than the sight of the white fort with its red

Churnings which looks up
 against the back-ground
 of green and which is so
 prominent an object to one
 entering the straits - The present
 force of men now enrolled
 at Fort Mackinac is 48
 a ridiculously small num-
 ber, were there need of any
 at all - but the discipline
 is kept up. here as in war
 times and the sentry marches
 up and down and looks
 across the expanse of
 waters as if expecting
 at any time to see the
 boats of the enemy in the
 offing - Of all hours - that
 of a private soldier in the
 piping time of peace must
 be the most monotonous
 But the forts serves well
 for a sanitary measure and
 many a poor soldier when
 system has been worn and
 rocked by the debilitating climate
 of the south can testify to
 new vigor received from
 the health-bruathing winds

of the northern paradise
Mackinac must have been
at one time a great re-
sort of the Indians - but
gradually the race is
becoming extinct. The white
man with his higher civiliza-
tion has usurped their place
and soon the places which
knew them shall know them
no more forever

A. S. Kendall

At hello.

Before one is old enough to realize how much enjoyment and culture may be obtained from books, or to place any value whatever upon opportunities for reading and study, he hears of Shakespeare's Plays, and is led by curiosity to try to ascertain what it is in them, that gives their author such renown. The first attempt is likely to result in a pitiful failure, for the child often finds it impossible even to make out the story. Later, influenced by what in the meantime he has heard and read, he again turns to them and will perhaps find himself intensely absorbed in the plot. Growing still older, he loves them for the inexhaustible riches which they contain. Each time he reads he finds some passage which gives fresh evidence of the author's varied resources of wit or of pathos; which testifies anew to his power in tracing out the nicest shades of thought; or which brings to mind the boundless scope of his imagination. Is not this enough to make any writing famous? But even yet that which gives to his plays their greatest charm has not been mentioned. This is found in the wonderful power with which he has delineated human character and human passions; with which he makes his characters so life-like that as we read we see them, and in our daily life are ever meeting them and calling

them by name.

And why from these almost innumerable types of character did I select that of Othello to study and if possible to comprehend? The reason is easily given. Of the works of Shakespeare which I have read, it is the only one that I have seen represented on the stage. The part of Othello was taken by the famous Salvini, and I have not forgotten the deep impression made upon me at that time by the seeming inconsistency between the loyal Othello of the first part of the play, and the rash, suspicious, passionate man which he afterward appeared to be.

It is chiefly by looking at his early history that the explanation is found for much that would otherwise seem contradictory in his character. Perhaps it is for this reason that Shakespeare causes him to make his strong defense before the Duke and Senators of Venice, which though so condensed, gives a clear idea of all the circumstances which made him what he was. From this we learn that his life from early youth was passed in scenes of war. He speaks of undergoing "battles, sieges, - most disastrous escapes," and "Of being taken by the insolent foe And sold to slavery."

All the circumstances of his boyhood helped to inure him to hardship and to train him to bravery. The plot

of the story as most of us know runs thus. —
In the prime of his manhood he was made
a general in the service of Venice. While occupying
this position, Brabantio, a Venetian Senator, the
father of Desdemona grew fond of him, and
often invited him to his house to question him
about his varied fortune. Desdemona, catching
now and then brief snatches of Othello's wonderful
story, was eager to hear more; and Othello, observing
this, soon found an opportunity to tell her all
he had endured. This he did with the eloquence
of one whose soul was in his words, and who finds
inspiration in an absorbed and sympathetic listener.
And although Desdemona might at first have
feared him, and been repelled by his personal
appearance, this feeling was soon driven away by
her admiration for his greatness, and her pity for
all he had endured. He states very simply the
result of his wooing, in the sentence

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them".

It was Othello's nobleness and grandeur that fascinated
Desdemona; and her sympathy and gentleness
that charmed him. The lovers knew that Brabantio
would not consent to their marriage, as he wished to
have a Venetian nobleman for his son-in-law.
They therefore determined upon a secret wedding,
which was effected, although Brabantio was not long
in discovering the escape of his daughter. Othello had

just been summoned to the Duke of Venice to take the command in an expedition to Cyprus, so Brabantio went with him to the council-chamber and there made his complaint, accusing Othello of employing witch-craft in winning Desdemona. This accusation was soon proved unjust by Othello's noble defense. After the reluctant blessing of Brabantio they departed for Cyprus. Here, Iago, who intensely hated his superior officer, contrived his malicious plan to destroy Othello's happiness. He now saw the opportunity he had long desired. Knowing every shade of feeling in his master, he could not but perceive how passionately that master loved Desdemona, and how ruinous to his happiness would be the belief that she was false. Acting upon this thought, Iago basely planned to excite Othello's jealousy. By only insinuations and by the misrepresentation of every word and act of Desdemona, he at last succeeded in rousing her husband to such a state of frenzy, that love, reason, everything gave way to passion. These are the most important facts of the play, and together with Salvini's grand representation give us "at the outset, Othello, a loyal, fiery nature; reveal the fierce conflict of misapprehension, jealousy, and vengeance; and end by showing us him that was Othello", broken by remorse, shattered with grief, but substantially the very same as at the beginning of the tragedy.

a rounded, many-sided human being, who
arouse compels our love, our admiration, our
pity, our horror, and in the end our aching
sympathy." An article in a "Century" of two
years ago, wonderfully describes Othello as Salvini
interprets the character, and this interpretation
shows such perfect comprehension of every detail
in the play, that I do not hesitate to give you
its description of Salvini in this part. "As he
first comes before us we are impressed by his
dignity, his frank and loyal smile, his pride,
heroism and profound passion. His indescrib-
able accent in uttering the very name of the
"Divina Desdemona" is in itself a revelation, and
after the lurid horror of the final catastrophe, the
music of that first tone comes back to us with
unforgettable pathos. A lady, witnessing the
play said, "I do not wonder Desdemona forgave
his killing her, when she had his perfect love
for a little while." In the defense, he advances
quietly, nobly; he disdains subtleties, and does
not even think of fears which he doubtless would
consider unworthy of him. The charming inter-
view with Desdemona shows infinite tenderness,
and a half-amused, unsuspecting manner, only
delaying in order to enjoy the luxury of hearing her
sue. Afterward comes the crushing of all that is
good in an appeal to his worst passions. He
was distinguished for skill, valor, and wisdom, and

military bravery, and throughout the play is shown his nobleness, a nobleness that could not understand the insidious deceptions of those about him or suspect anyone of being base enough to practice them. Iago's influence over him is excused when we remember that he, though the craftiest of the crafty, was deemed honest by all; and Othello, because of his very nobleness, believed no man less honorable than himself. Even his jealousy does not lessen his strength of character. The suspicion of a jealous temperament was not a part of his nature. ^{He was no more jealous than any one else would have been.} His jealousy was of no ordinary stamp. It was the anguish felt when the fountain of his heart was dried up. It was his lack of guile, not lack of strength that caused him to fall so easily into the trap set by Iago. Being without experience of evil in himself, he had no idea of dissimulation in others. He was simple and ingenuous in every relation, believing all honest who appeared so. His manner was earnest and winning. His love was not sensual; it was the pure affection of a soul which unites itself to another, and without which he could no longer exist, so profound, intensified, that it has become to him as the air he breathes, an ever-present paradise. Desdemona's supposed guilt was offense to his loyalty; he owes her punishment and death to society; he has the right to inflict this punishment and has no thought of concealment. At last, aware of his fatal error, he cares more for his honor than for his life. The basis of his character is perfect loyalty.

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